

ALL IN COLOUR — MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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The Tinder Box—
See page 8 inside.



The Tinder Box



1. Now the brave soldier was in the third of the rooms under the narrow oak tree, and here he came upon the dog with eyes as big as round towers, and they kept rolling round and round like wheels. "Good evening," said the soldier, and he touched his cap in great respect, for he had never seen such a monster dog as this before. "You had better not stare at me so—I will make your eyes weak."

2. The soldier stood looking at the huge dog for a minute or two, then slipped the old witch's apron along the floor until it came to rest beneath one of the dog's paws. At once the dog stopped growling and rolling its eyes. "Thank goodness the witch spoke the truth about her apron," thought the soldier to himself, with a sigh of relief. "Without it I could never have tamed this one!"



3. Then he looked at the chest which the dog had been guarding. It was full of gold coins, enough to buy anything in the world that he wanted. Laughing, he emptied the knapsack of the silver coins and put the gold ones in instead. What a weight it was!



4. Picking up the old tinder box, he hurried along the passageways to the slope that led up to the hollow oak tree. "Hello, old witch," he shouted. "Pull me up again." "Have you brought the tinder box with you, soldier?" He told her that he had indeed.



5. But once he got to ground level again, the soldier would not give it to her. "Just tell me," he said, "what you are going to do with this old tinder box." "That's no concern of yours," replied the old witch. "You've got your money, so give me that tinder box this instant." The soldier started to draw his sword. "If you won't tell me then you shan't have it!" he exclaimed.



6. The witch screamed and raged, but there was nothing she was able to do about it. Away went the soldier with the tinder box and his knapsack crammed with gold coins and presently he came within sight of a large town. A very handsome town it was, too. "It looks a likely place for me to spend a little of my money," he chuckled. "I'll be able to eat and sleep like a millionaire."



7. Left, right! Left, right! He marched proudly up to the front entrance of the finest inn in the town. Two of the servants saw him coming and could not help thinking that the soldier might be making a mistake and could not really afford to enter such a place like a grand gentleman. But when he brought out one of the gold coins, they bowed and welcomed him inside without delay.



8. In walked the soldier and he called for two of the best rooms in the place. Satisfied with these, he then went down into the dining-room and ordered the choicest and the most expensive dishes for his supper. A king could not have been treated better. Our soldier was now a very rich man—but that was not to be the end of his adventures with the tinder box.

See what happens to the soldier in this exciting story next week.

All Sorts of Treasures

HOW would you like to find some hidden treasure? It would be exciting, wouldn't it? People still do find hidden treasure—and sometimes they are not even looking for it, but others go hunting for treasure which they think may have been lost or hidden. They don't have old pirate maps and schooners and parrots which say "Pieces of Eight", like the treasure-hunters in adventure stories. They are much more likely to have well-equipped boats and diving suits, for there is plenty of treasure to be found on the seabed. In the old days, when sailing was a much more risky business than it is today, many ships carrying plenty of gold and jewels were sunk. Some, like the Spanish treasure ships which were sailing from the New World to Spain, were sunk by enemy ships. Others were sunk by great storms at sea. The divers hunt for the remains of these ships on the seabed and hope to bring up the treasure they contained.

Buried cities are sometimes discovered too, and dug out, like Pompeii, which was buried beneath ash and lava hundreds of years ago when Mount Vesuvius erupted. Besides buildings and furniture, money and valuables which belonged to the townsfolk are often discovered. Some of the most wonderful treasure has been found in ancient tombs, like the tombs of the kings in the ancient pyramids of Egypt. Jewellery and money, the furniture and ornaments were buried in these tombs together with the king, in case he might need them in the next life, and they lay there for several thousand years before they were discovered. Now they are in museums, for everyone to see. Treasure like this is valuable not only because it is made from precious metal, like gold, but also because it helps us to know how the people of ancient times lived.

Builders, digging out earth to make the foundations of new buildings, sometimes dig up hoards of coins, or gold plates, which were buried long ago. Perhaps their owners buried them in troubled times and they were then killed in battle, or by raiders, so the treasure was forgotten.

The buried city of Pompeii.

Excavators sometimes dig up buried treasure.





A treasure ship sinking.



Diving to find a sunken treasure ship.



Treasure from the ancient pyramid tombs.

It is said that there is still pirate treasure buried on some of the islands in the Caribbean, which has been lost and forgotten and people still hunt for it, but some people never need to go farther than their own homes to find hidden treasure. Sometimes old furniture has secret compartments or drawers, which were used to hide money or jewellery so that they would be safe from thieves. Often these are only discovered by accident, many years later.



Pirates used to bury their treasure and it is said that some of it has never been found.

Finding treasure in a secret drawer.



BRER RABBIT

This week's story . . . The Great Plot

It happened one day that Brer Bear, Brer Badger, Brer Fox and Brer Wolf were having a meeting in a hollow beneath a grass bank and they were plotting a great plot against Brer Rabbit.

"He's artful," said Brer Bear.

"And cunning, too," nodded Brer Badger.

"If ever prizes were awarded for clever tricks, then Brer Rabbit would win them all," said Brer Wolf.

"Well, I've got a plan to get rid of him," said Brer Fox. "So listen to me while I tell you all about it."

Five minutes later, Brer Rabbit came lickety-slipping along and when he saw the other four he jumped down into the hollow.

"Howdy, folks," he said. "What are you doing down here?"

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox, grinning mightily and showing his white teeth. "We've been having a meeting to choose the new Mayor for the town."

"And we've picked you, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Badger.

"Well, that's mighty kind of you," smiled Brer Rabbit. "It's a great honour to be chosen as the new Mayor, I'm sure."

"Nobody could be better than you," said Brer Wolf. "And when you're made Mayor, Brer Rabbit, you'll have a wonderful time. Just think of it—there'll be big banquets with gorgeous free food





and a lovely Mayor's robe with a real gold chain."

"Yummy-yummy. I like the sound of that," chuckled Brer Rabbit. "And I reckon I'd look real good in a robe with a gold chain."

"Well, it's lucky we have a Mayor's robe right here for you to try on," said Brer Bear.

Just for a moment Brer Rabbit was thinking about it and was all dreamy-eyed. And in that short space of time Brer Bear picked up a big sack and popped it over Brer Rabbit's head.

"Try that for size, Master clever Brer Rabbit," he laughed.

So that's how Brer Rabbit was caught, and they soon had the sack tied-up with string to stop him getting out.

"And now for the next part of the great plot," smiled Brer Fox. "I'll carry the sack way down the river to the town where my cousin Willy Fox lives. Then I'll drop the sack into the river and while Brer Rabbit is being carried along it down to the sea I'll spend the night with my cousin."

It was a long, long way but Brer Fox did not seem to mind the hard work of carrying the sack on his back, though he puffed and he panted when the sun got hotter and hotter.

Inside the sack Brer Rabbit was thinking all the time of how he could get out.

"It's mighty warm work for you out there, Brer Fox," he said from inside the sack. "I reckon you'll be getting real thirsty."

"There'll be plenty of time for me to think about a drink when I've popped you in the river," answered Brer Fox. "And, come to think of it, you'll have lots to drink, too."

"There's a shop not far from the river that sells lemonade," said Brer Rabbit. "It's lovely lemonade and always ice-cool."

Brer Fox tried not to listen to him, but it really was hard and thirsty work carrying that sack. After a while he began to lick his lips and when he got to the shop he just could not resist any longer.

He left the sack outside and went in for a glass of lemonade. Now, Brer Rabbit hoped that it would give him time to nibble through the strings and get free—but he was shocked when he felt someone poking at him through the sack.

"Who's in there?" asked a voice and it was so like Brer Fox's voice that Brer Rabbit guessed that it must belong to cousin Willy Fox.

"It's only me," Brer Rabbit answered.

"What are you doing inside that sack?"

"It's because I'm so shy that I'm in here," replied Brer Rabbit.

"What are you shy about?" asked Cousin Fox.

"I'm shy about being made the new Mayor," said Brer Rabbit. "Everybody says I would be a very good Mayor and wear a fine robe with a gold chain and go to big banquets and make speeches, but I'm so shy that I don't think I could become such an important person as

that. They don't want me to refuse and that's why they're taking me along in this sack to MAKE me be the new Mayor."

There was a bit of a silence from outside the sack after this, and then Cousin Fox said, "Well, I'd like to be Mayor and have all those lovely things. I'm not shy."

"Well, you couldn't be Mayor unless you changed places with me," said Brer Rabbit.

"Please let me!" begged Cousin Fox.

So they changed places. Cousin Fox popped into the sack, and after Brer Rabbit had tied the top up he hid round the side of the shop and watched Brer Fox come out.

"I'm going to be Mayor," came a muffled voice from inside the sack as Brer Fox put it on his shoulder.

"That's right," Brer Fox laughed. "You can be Mayor of the river."

And he carried his cousin to the river bank (with Brer Rabbit tip-toeing along behind) and threw the sack in.

"Goodbye, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox.

"Hello, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit from behind a tree. "Who was that you were saying goodbye to?"

Brer Fox gave a loud howl, and as he dashed along the river bank to get hold of the sack and rescue his cousin Willy, Brer Rabbit hop-skipped home quite happily.

"I reckon I'm smart enough to be Mayor of any place," he laughed.

Another chuckle with Brer Rabbit next week.

RUBBER



Rubber is made from latex, the milky juice which comes from rubber trees. To get the latex, cuts are made in the bark of the tree and a spout pushed in at the base of the cut. The latex drips into a cup placed beneath. The latex is collected and taken to the rubber factory, where it is mixed with acid and rolled into flat sheets of rubber. These are dried in wood smoke and then sent to other countries, where they are treated with chemicals and then shaped in moulds into tyres, hot water bottles and other things we use every day.



This is a Memory Test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

The Brooch and the Magpie

ONCE there was a little girl named Alice, who lived in a big house. She was very lonely, because she had no one to play with at all. She had plenty of toys and games, but they were not the same as playmates, for they could not talk to her.

Not far from Alice's garden there was a big tree, in which a magpie had made its nest. It was a noisy, mischievous, inquisitive bird and it often perched on Alice's windowledge and chattered noisily at her.

One day, Alice's father brought her a lovely present. It was a brooch. Alice was delighted. She put it on the dressing-table in her bedroom and it glistered and sparkled in the sunlight.

Alice went off to play with her toys and it was some time before she went back to her bedroom. She went straight to the dressing-table, to look at her lovely brooch but, to her horror, it had gone.

Poor Alice. She WAS upset. Who could have taken her brooch. She racked her brains to think where it might have got to.

Just then the magpie flew down and perched on the windowledge, cackling loudly. The window was open and Alice suddenly remembered how inquisitive magpies were and how they loved bright, shiny things. At once, she decided to go and look for its nest. Off she went, down the garden path and out through the gate. It wasn't long before she saw the tree with the magpie's nest, for the nest was easy to see, it looked just like a big, untidy bundle of sticks, in a forked branch of the tree. The trouble was, it was well above Alice's reach and she was not very good at climbing.

"Hello," said a voice just behind Alice. It made her jump. She turned round and there was a boy about her own age. "That's the magpie's nest," said the boy. "He's a great thief, you know. He's always stealing things and hiding them in his nest."

"Oh," said Alice. "Oh dear!"

"Why?" asked the boy. "Has he taken something of yours?"

Alice explained about her lovely new brooch. "I thought perhaps the magpie might have taken it, but I can't climb up to the nest to find out," she said.



"Oh, that's all right, I can climb up there easily," said the boy. And with that, up he went. He was soon down again and in his hand he held something bright and shiny. "Is that yours?" he asked.

Alice was pleased. There, in his hand, he held her brooch. She was glad to get it back again, but, even better, she found that the boy, whose name was Peter, lived in a cottage down the lane and he was lonely too, for he had no one to play with either.

After that, Peter often came to play with Alice and her toys, and in return he taught

Alice to climb trees just as well as he did. They were both very pleased with the thieving magpie, for they were never lonely again.

ARE YOU MISSING SOME COPIES OF "ONCE UPON A TIME" ?

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The Glass Mountain

WHEN the rich man and his three sons heard the news that a beautiful princess was a prisoner in a castle on top of the Glass Mountain, they talked about it for a long time.

"A wicked spell has been cast on her by a wizard," the father said. "They say that the spell can only be broken by someone who goes to the top of the Glass Mountain on horseback and then rides three times round

the castle."

That is so," said the eldest of the three brothers. "But many young men have already tried to climb the mountain path on horseback—and all of them have slipped on its shiny glass surface, which is more slippery than ice, and have tumbled back to the bottom. However I am ready to have a try."

"So am I," said the second brother.

Richard, the third brother, was proud of them. "I wish you luck, my brothers," he said. "I am sure that one of you will be able to reach the top of the Glass Mountain and set the Princess free."

No time was wasted. The two brothers packed the strongest horses from their father's stables and had them shod with special shoes which had iron spikes in them. They hoped that these would grip the slippery mountain path.

Richard decided to go with his brothers to the foot of the mountain and so he saddled up his little silver pony, the one he had caught raiding the



barley field on his father's land.

It looked small beside the other two horses as all three set off in the direction of the Glass Mountain.

They came within sight of it after a few days' journey. It was a mountain with very steep sides. A zig-zag pathway ran up it to the top, where a castle was perched high up in the clouds. The whole mountain shimmered in the sunshine, reflected from its gleaming glass sides. Nothing grew on the mountain. There was no earth, and trees and bushes cannot grow in solid glass.

The eldest brother took a good look at it, then checked his horse with care: the animal was strong and ready for hard work, and the spikes were all in place in its shoes.

"I cannot make myself more ready to attempt the steep climb," he said to the others. "But watch me closely, for if I fall you may see why and thus avoid the same mistake."

Richard and the second brother watched him ride on to the slippery mountain path. The brave horse sensed the difficulty of it and placed its hoofs with care. Step by step it began to climb. A third of the way up the zig-zag, however, it faltered and could not keep its grip.

The glass was worse than the hardest ice. Nothing could hold on it, not even the sharpest-spiked shoes. The gallant horse took half a step forward, then fell back two steps and began to slither helplessly backwards.

Standing at the side of his silver pony, Richard watched with his heart in his mouth, as his brother and the horse lost all sense



of balance and came tumbling down the side of the Glass Mountain.

Richard made a movement forward, anxious to help his brother and the slithering horse: he could. But there was nothing he could do. Down they tumbled, whirling one above the other at times. The horse whinnied in a shrill, frightened voice, and they could hear the scratching of its spiked shoes as it tried to get a hold on the slippery glass.

Luckily, Richard's brother had managed to slip his feet from the stirrups and he curled himself into a ball to lessen the shock of the bumps and knocks as he came down.

They landed at the bottom and neither horse nor rider was greatly hurt, which was lucky—and a great relief to them all.

But, hard as they had tried, the Glass Mountain had beaten them, and the second brother trembled at the thought that it was his turn next to try to climb the slippery slopes.

Can the Glass Mountain be climbed? More of this story next week.

The Princess and the Pantry Boy



1 Once there was a Princess called Dana who loved sweet things so much that all day long she munches chocolates and cakes and sweets. She ate so many that she never had room to eat her meals when they were served. At last, her parents grew very cross with her.



2 "In future you will eat only proper meals, no more sweets and cakes," said the Queen. After two days of this, all Dana could think of was cakes, so she went to the royal pantry and asked Colin, the pantry-boy, to send her up a plate of the richest cakes.



3 "I'm sorry Your Highness," said Colin, for he had heard the Queen telling the cook that the Princess was to have no more cakes. Colin was furious at having her commands shattered by a mere pantry-boy. So as ordered, she snapped, as she went out.



4 "What a rude, unpleasant girl!" thought Colin, and he took a plate with the richest cakes he could find and took them up to the Princess. "You have chosen well," she smiled, for she was feeling sorry she had been so rude and she offered Colin a cake.



5 However a page had seen where Colin took the tray and he rushed off to tell the Queen. She was furious and stormed into the kitchen. "How dare you give the Princess cakes?" she said angrily. "do not think the Princess will want more," said Colin.



6 "If Your Majesty will come with me I will bake more cakes for the Princess and we will see," Colin added. They went to the Princess's room. "have brought you more cakes," said Colin. "Oh, have eaten too many, never want to see another cake," said Delia.



7 Then the Queen saw how clever Colin had been. The Princess had eaten so many cakes that she had made herself very quite ill. She couldn't face another cake. "You are too clever to be a pinty-boy, think," said the Queen. "Can he be my page?" asked Delia.

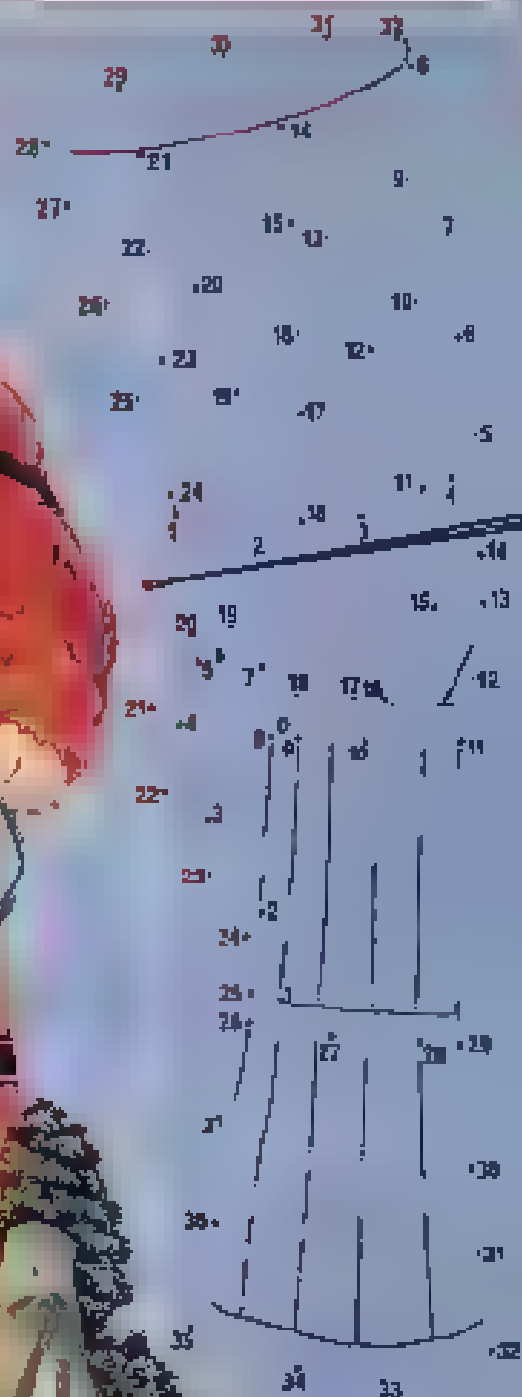
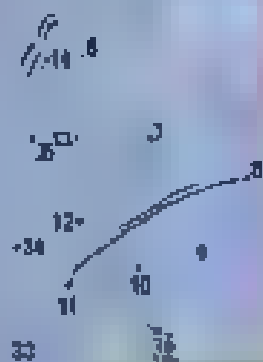
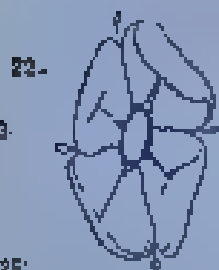


8 The Queen agreed and Delia was pleased, for she liked Colin. As the years passed, the whole Royal Family grew very fond of him and when Delia and Colin fell in love, the King agreed that they should marry, not by minding that Colin had been just a pinty boy.

A Tudor Soldier

This man wears the uniform and carries the weapons of a Tudor soldier of the type used by Queen Mary to find and capture Protestants. You can see the Tudor rose emblem on the front of his tunic.

Complete the puzzle picture below by joining the dots from 1 to 35 and you will draw a herald's trumpet.



Above are two more puzzles. Join the dots from 1 to 32, and from 1 to 32, to draw a tabour (a kind of drum) and a water-carrier.



Stephanie, Nigel and the Country Game

Being Golfing . part 1

Stephanie was having breakfast. It was a pleasant summer day and she had the window open.

"How what shall I do to amuse myself for the rest of the day?" she was wondering to herself. "I could go to the flower shop or to the dress shop to buy myself a new collection of lovely clothes."

Stephanie liked to get around and show off a bit—not like her cousin Winifred, the quiet mouse who lived in the country. Stephanie rather looked down on her. The

table was set with a tea set and there were cups of tea and home-made cakes.

She was thinking about this when in through the window came a small white object travelling at great speed. It went whizzing past the end of Stephanie's nose, bounced against the wall and came flying back to the table where it went plinkplink-plonk on the teapot and hot

"My goodness me!" gasped Stephanie.

Then came a ring at the doorbell. Very flustered, Stephanie went to answer it and when she opened the door there stood her post neighbour, Mrs. Topdrawer with her husband.

"Please may I have my ball back?" asked Mr. Topdrawer.

"And what's that you are holding the pair of you?"

Mrs. Topdrawer smirked.

"These are our new golf clubs," she said. "My husband and I have decided to take up the game of golf, you know, and we were practising in the garden when I hit the ball with great force and sent it sailing through your window. It was a most marvellous shot, really it was."

"Marvellous shot?" screeched Stephanie. "It nearly bent the end of my nose and could have ruined my best teapot."

Mrs. Topdrawer clicked her tongue.

"Oh, you needn't worry about things

like that, my dear," she said in her naughly manner. "Everybody has teapots, but not everybody plays golf. It's the

most fashionable game in the country

and we expect to be playing with the Duke and Duchess of Barkington. They are members, too, you know.

"We'll be going in for competitions," piped up Mr. Topdrawer, popping in and picking up the golf-ball from Stephanie's carpet. "It's a great honour to win a golf prize. Good morning."

They had no sooner gone than Stephanie telephoned her boy-friend, Nigel.

"Nigel, can you play golf?" she asked.

"Golf? Isn't that the—er—game where you walk around trying to bash a little white ball into a hole?" replied Nigel.

"Seems a bit of a waste of time to me," old thing.

Stephanie snuffed. "Don't call me old

from this very moment you are going to take up golf with me, and we'll play a lot better than stupid Mrs. Topdrawer and her husband, who think they're very clever at it. I expect you to be round in half an hour with two lots of sticks, or whatever you call the thing golfers hit the

Nigel never argued with Stephanie when she was in a mood to do something. He drove up to her house in his splendid

car and brought her two lots of golf balls.

"Take them out in the garden," Stephanie told him. "I'll show that Mrs. Topdrawer. I'll send a ball right through her window and take the top of her best teapot."

As always, Stephanie felt very sure of herself, but she soon found that it was not all that easy to hit a golf ball.

The ball is much too small—what silly chump invented a game like this? she

said, angrily swinging the club at it and missing by a long way. "Show me what to do, Nigel."

Nigel tried, too, but only succeeded in

"Oops. There's not really enough room to play here," he said as an excuse. "Your garden isn't big enough."

"Hmm! Perhaps you're right," Stephanie agreed. "We need a lot more open

space for golf. I think I shall move to the country."

"In the country they've got a lot of

space and that's where you and I are going to practise and become golf

champions. We'll jolly well show the Top drawers a thing or two. Come along, Nigel, start up the car and drive fast!

See what happens next week in another part of this merry madcap story.

Here are the Memory Test questions from the story. The answers are on the flip side of page 6. How many can you answer correctly?

1. What was the name of the little girl who lost the brooch?
2. What did the magpie's nest in the tree look like?
3. What was the name of the boy who climbed up to get the brooch?

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

How are you enjoying the story of

Stephanie, Nigel and the Country Game? We hope you are enjoying it very much. We will be sending you more stories like this in the future. We will be sending you more stories like this in the future.

Your friend, The Editor.



The King's Headache



1. Once upon a time there was a young king, who was very unhappy. His father had decreed that all the men in the land must serve in the army. Every day, they had to march out on parade behind the band, while the young king took the salute, on his horse.



2. The soldiers were miserable, for they hated marching and parading day after day. The king was miserable, for he got no peace. Day and night, there was the sound of drums and trumpets and marching feet and cannons, and soldiers coming to him for their orders.



3. Even if the king went for a ride in the country, he was accompanied by soldiers, with trumpets and drums, which they were always blowing and banging. How the king's head ached. It was so noisy that he never seemed to have a minute's peace. He couldn't even stop to listen to the birds, for they all flew away.



4. One day, on one of these noisy rides into the country, the king's horse decided she had had enough of trumpets and drums and noise and suddenly, without any warning, she took to her heels and galloped away. The king hung on for dear life. On and on she went up hill and down dale, until they came to a large lake.



5. There, the horse finally stopped, for a drink, it was very peaceful among the trees. There were lovely flowers and gay butterflies all around. The king was miles from his noisy soldiers. How he did enjoy it, as he looked around in wonder.



6. For the first time, he could hear the singing of the birds and the whispering of the breeze among the trees. He threw off his heavy uniform, flung away his sword and danced for joy. His headache had completely gone and he had never been so happy.



7. However, as he was king, he had to return to his palace, but when he got back he immediately made a new decree—all soldiers were to take off their uniforms and become gardeners. All the trumpets and swords were to be turned into forks and rakes, and the drums and helmets were to be made into flower pots.



8. The parade ground was turned into a wonderful garden, which soon became famous throughout the whole world. All the people were so happy, now that they no longer had to be soldiers. The king's head never ached, because it was so peaceful, and visitors came from far and wide to enjoy the beauty of the garden.



The **WISE OLD OWL**

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer some of your puzzling questions.



1. Why does a ski-jumper lean forward when making a jump?

"On a ski-jump, a skier may drop more than a hundred feet, which would normally mean instant death, but the skier falls horizontally, arms stretched wide and this, together with his long skis, gives a parachute effect, which reduces the speed of his fall. It also gives him balance."



2. Who was the Good Samaritan?

"In the story told by Jesus, the Good Samaritan was the man who stopped to care for the injured Jewish traveller, attacked by robbers. Other Jews had passed by, pretending not to see him."



3. What does a River Pilot do?

"Ships entering the mouth of a large river, like the Thames, are required to take on a river pilot, who knows the tides, currents, channels and buoys and guides the ship up to the docks."



4. How old are Nursery Rhymes?

"Many nursery rhymes are several hundred years old and have been passed on from one generation to another for centuries. 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' has been a favourite for about 450 years."



5. Which bird has the biggest wings?

"Although the Albatross has the longest wingspan, the Condor, shown above, which lives in South America, actually has bigger wings, because they are wider and so cover more space."